

O D E

U P O N H I S

Majesty's Birth-Day,

Set to Musick by Dr. *Staggins*; and Perform'd before
Their M A J E S T I E S,

N O V E M B E R the 4th. 1693.
6. Nov. 1693.

The Words by N. Tate, Servant to Their Majesties.

SOUND a Call, the *Tritons* sing,
Summon'd by their Vocal Shells,
From Coral Beds and Chrystal Cells,
Up the joyful *Nereids* Spring;
Sound a Call the *Tritons* sing.

What makes *Neptune's* Court appear,
Circled on a dancing Wave?
The Day's arriv'd, 'tis come, 'tis here,
That Birth to *CÆSAR*, Joy to *Europe* gave.
See the Sacred Quire descending,
Earth and Sea your Song attending;
Crown the Day that Crowns the Year.

'Twas N O W, the threatening Tempest past,
We saw his Welcome Anchors cast,
Flags display'd, and Streamers free
As what they brought us, Liberty.
Liberty the Sailors cry'd,
Liberty the Shores reply'd.

Suc-

Successor of Great *Hercules*,
When will thy Labours, when thy Dangers cease?
Thy Courage and thy Toils
Have long deserv'd *Nemean* Spoils.
Why are Thy Triumphs then retarded?
Why such Virtue Unrewarded?

Chor. 'The Promis'd Blessing's but Delay'd,
With greater Interest to be Paid.
Mighty Births, in Teeming longest,
Make amends for their Delay:
Shades of Night are ever strongest,
Just before the Break of Day.

Gallick Force in vain is striving,
Gallick Fraud in vain contriving,
Hope and *CÆSAR* still surviving.
Drooping *Europe's* State to Raise,
And yet assure Successful Days,
Undaunted *CÆSAR* Fights, Devout *MARIA* Prays.

CHORUS.

'Twas Constancy could only prove
Alcides the true Son of Jove;
Heads of Hydra still Renewing,
And the Hero still Subduing;
Till with Unwearied Valour prest,
At last the Monster fell, the World at last had Rest.